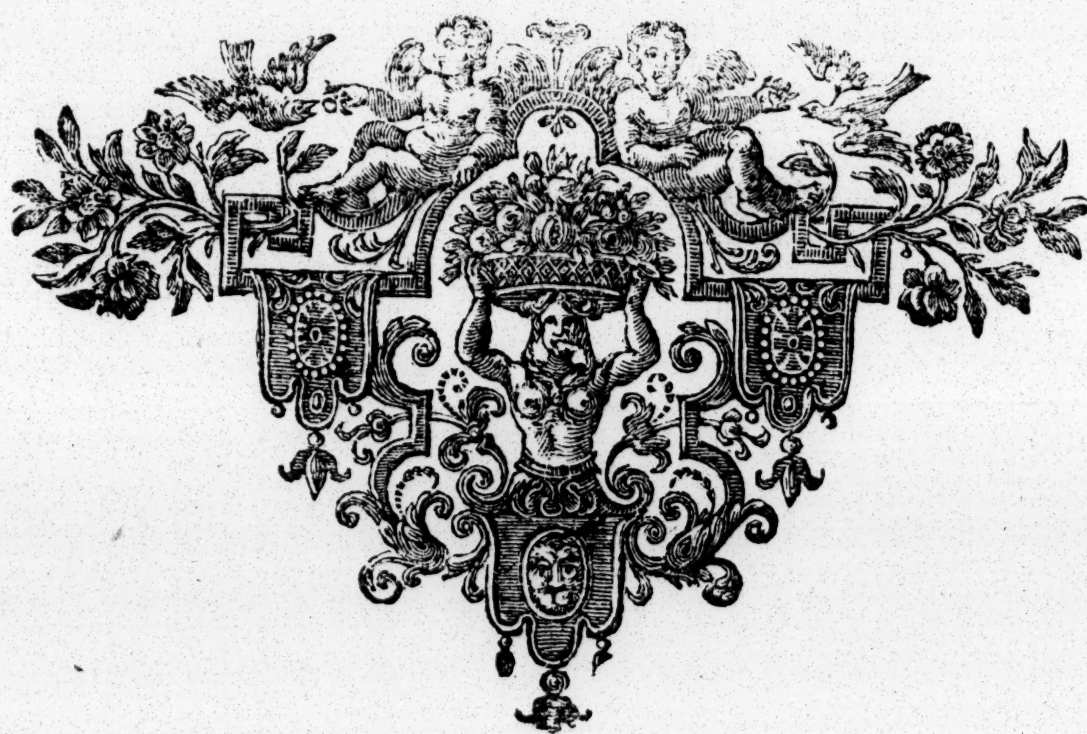


A NEW 6.  
BALLAD  
ON

Lord *D--n---l's* altering his CHAPEL  
at *Gr---e* into a KITCHEN.



L O N D O N :

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( *Price Six-Pence.* )









A  
B A L L A D,  
O N

Lord *D--n--l*'s altering his Chapel at  
*Gr---e* into a Kitchen.

I.

**B**Y *Ovid*, 'mongst many more Wonders were told,  
What chanc'd to PHILEMON and BAUCIS of old,  
How their Cott to a Temple was conjur'd by JOVE ;  
So a Chapel was chang'd to a Kitchen at *Gr--e*.

*Derry down, &c.*

II. The



II.

The Lord of the Mansion most rightly conceiting,  
That his Guests lov'd good Prayers much less than  
good Eating;  
And possess'd by the D-v-l (as some Folks will tell ye)  
What was meant for the Soul, he assign'd to the Belly.

*Derry down, &c.*

III.

The Word was scarce given but down dropt the Clock,  
And strait was seen fix'd, in the Form of a Jack ;  
'Tis shameful to say, Pulpit, Benches and Pews,  
Form'd Cupboards and Shelves for Plates, Saucepans,  
and Stews.

*Derry down, &c.*

IV. Pray'r-



#### IV.

Pray'r-books turn'd into Platters, nor think it a Fable,  
And Dressers sprung out of the C--mm---n Table ;  
Which instead of the usual Repast, B---d and W--e,  
Is stor'd with rich Soup and good *English* Sirloin.

*Derry down, &c.*

V.

No Fires, but what pure Devotion could raise,  
Till now had been known in this Temple to blaze :  
But, good Lord, how the Neighbours around did  
admire,  
When the Chimney rose up in the room of a Spire !

*Derry down, &c.*

## VI. For



VI.

For a *Few* many People the Master mistook,  
Whose *Levites* were Scullions, whose High-Priest a  
Cook ;  
And thought that he meant our Religion to alter,  
When they saw the Burnt-Offerings smoak at the  
Altar.

*Derry down, &c.*

VII.

The Bell's solemn Sound, which was heard far and near,  
And oft rous'd the Chaplain unwilling to Pray'r ;  
No more to good Sermons now summons the Sinner,  
But blasphemous rings in the Country to Dinner.

*Derry down, &c.*

VIII. When



VIII.

When my good Lord the B---p had heard the strange  
Story,  
How the Place was profan'd, that was built to G-d's  
Glory ;  
With Zeal he cry'd out, Oh, how impious the Deed,  
To cram Christians with Pudding instead of the Cr--d.

*Derry down, &c.*

IX.

Then away to the *Gr---e* hy'd the Church's Protector,  
Resolving to read his Lay-brother a Lecture ;  
But he scarce had begun, when he saw plac'd before'em  
An Haunch piping hot from the *Sanctum Sanctorum*.

*Derry down, &c.*

X. Troth,



## X.

Troth, quoth he, I find no great Sin in the Plan,  
 What uselefs to God, to make useful to Man ;  
 Besides, 'tis a true Christian Duty, we read,  
 The Poor and the Hungry with good Things to feed.

*Derry down, &c.*

## XI.

Then again on the Walls he bestow'd Consecration,  
 But reserv'd the full Rights of a free Visitation ;  
 Thus 'tis the Lord's House, only varied the Treat,  
 Now there's Meat without Grace, where was Grace  
 without Meat.

*Derry down, &c.*

F I N I S.



